

goods and services by SPEARHEADED (blaspheme)

Fandoms: Stray Kids (Band)

Status: In-Progress

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Chapters: 1/1

Words: 4444

Relationships: Han Jisung | Han/Lee Minho | Lee Know

Additional tags: Alternate Universe - Resident Evil 4, Dubious Consent, Consent Issues, Blood and Injury, Painful Sex, Multiple Orgasms, Creampie, Cunnilingus, Vaginal Sex, Squirting, Trans Male Character, Trans Han Jisung | Han, Pussy Spanking, No Resident Evil Knowledge Required It's Just Porn, Top Lee Minho | Lee Know, Bottom Han Jisung | Han, Jisung is trans bc Leon S. Kennedy is trans. Hope That Helps.

Categories: M/M

Rating: Explicit

Summary:

"I can accept another form of payment. If it's one that you're willing to offer."

"Yes." Jisung blurts, even before the Merchant has finished speaking. "Anything that you want. Information, favours, cold hard American cash—"

The Merchant lifts a hand to cup Jisung's chin. "None of that." He says, something much darker in his voice, something that Jisung's never heard before. He slips his thumb into the space between Jisung's lips. He wears gloves, but they're fingerless—the ice-cold pad of his thumb against

Jisung's lower lip might be the gentlest touch that Jisung has felt in a long time. "Something else."

Or; Jisung S. Kennedy is in a real shit situation, and he doesn't have the funds to get himself out of it. (Un)luckily for him, Merchant! Minho offers alternative payment plans for his most loyal customers.

Notes:

Potential Triggers That I Couldn't Figure Out How To Tag

- Gendered language used to describe a trans man's genitalia, specifically "clit", "cunt", and "pussy". Everything else is very non-gendered
- Minho offers vital healing supplies to Jisung only if Jisung has sex with him, being somewhat coercive in nature and generally shitty overall.
- Jisung consents to sex with Minho on the condition that it's not near Jeongin. Minho agrees to this at first and then moves them closer to Jeongin later.
- Jisung flip-flops between absolute terror and some sort of enjoyment during sex with Minho. He protests and says no at times, but also tries to continue whenever Minho pauses. He's in a real fucked up way and probably shouldn't be having sex overall, but he doesn't want it to stop.
- I use a lot of language associated with nausea, death, and decay. There are no actual dead bodies and no one actually vomits, but it's meant to be uncomfortable imagery.

Anyways, now, for the real reason that I wrote this fic:

[Jisung Voice] Where's everyone going, bingo?

(Also, for reference, [what Jisung is wearing](#) and [what Minho is wearing](#).)

(See the end of the work for [more notes](#).)

Work Text:

As always, the only visible element of the Merchant's face are his eyes, but even that is almost impossible to see. His bandana pulled over his mouth, his hood shadowing his face, his apparent preference for standing in shadow—in the end, the most that Jisung can see is the slightest tinge of his irises, glowing gold like the setting sun.

Regardless, it's easy to hear his creeping grin as he remarks, "You're quite the go-getter, aren't you?"

Jisung barely hears the words; bloodied, battered, barely clinging to consciousness, it's a near impossible feat to keep himself steady, let alone to support Jeongin's weight as well. "It's okay, it's okay," he soothes, frantically knocking the candles and books off of the table adjacent to the Merchant's booth, placing Jeongin on top. "You'll be all better in just a minute, okay?"

Jeongin whimpers in pain, eyes screwed shut and his face drenched in sweat. He's not in immediate peril, Jisung managed to use his meager supplies to patch Jeongin up, but he'll die if he goes much longer without medical attention. Jisung staggers back and limps to the Merchant's table. "Here." He snaps, voice raspy and raw, and shoves his trembling fist in the Merchant's face. "Give me two First Aid Sprays, and then whatever money's left."

With delicate fingers, the Merchant plucks the notice from Jisung's grip, elegantly avoiding the parts where it's been soaked through with blood. "He's not doing well." The Merchant notes mildly, tilting his head in Jeongin's direction.

Rage sparks within Jisung's ribs, somehow, despite the guilt and exhaustion wearing him down. "That request was a death trap." He hisses. "You asked me to deal with a savage mutt, not an entire *army* of deranged villagers—"

"Not enough." The Merchant cuts him off cleanly, coldly, as if he hadn't heard Jisung speak at all. "Most you can get is one."

He places the single can of First Aid Spray on the table between them. Jisung's heart stops in his chest.

"No." He breathes, frantically looking between the can and the Merchant's face. It's impossible to read anything from his even gaze. "I need two."

The Merchant shrugs. "You'll get one."

Jisung fumbles his knapsack, dumping the neatly organized items out on the table. "I can sell, h-here, the rifle, the mine launcher—" His voice dies when the Merchant just shakes his head. Despairing, he pleads, "I bought these from you hardly a day ago."

"I don't offer refunds." The Merchant chuckles. His tone is final.

"Right." Jisung mumbles, mind racing. He can get by with just one—he wanted the second can for himself, but he doesn't need it. Well, that's not true. He does need it, desperately. He's down to his last green herb, he used the rest of his supplies to bring Jeongin to stability. That one herb isn't nearly enough to mend the wounds that Jisung himself sustained.

He can barely put any weight on his right leg, the hem of his pants almost entirely shredded from the bear trap he stepped in. A single green herb wouldn't even stop the bleeding.

Numbly, Jisung takes the spray. Unbidden, faces flash through his mind; Changbin's, his unwavering smile as he sacrificed his life to make sure that the Tyrant died with him; Felix's, the quiet resignation in his eyes as he had pressed a knife into Jisung's hands, staining their hands with his own blood; Lily's, the determined purse of her lips when she had told Jisung to *live*.

Sorry, Lily, Jisung thinks to himself, methodically applying the spray to the worst of Jeongin's injuries. *I guess it's my turn to die for someone else to live.*

Jeongin's breathing evens out, and the furrow smoothens from his forehead. He doesn't wake, he probably won't for a while. Jisung watches him breathe for a moment, then another, before he

manages to wrench his gaze away,

When he does, he meets the still unreadable Merchant's gaze.

"Well?" Jisung asks, haggard and resigned. He's so fucking tired. "If you need anything else, then now's your time to ask. I won't be here for much longer."

The venom laced in his voice doesn't seem to affect the Merchant much. For a very long moment, the Merchant just stares at him.

"You have been quite the loyal customer." The Merchant says, eventually, just as Jisung is about to look away. "And I have... appreciated your patronage."

Jisung leans heavily against the table. "Yeah, well, not many choices around here." He mumbles, staring at the ground.

"I can accept another form of payment." Jisung looks up at that, eyes widening when the Merchant carefully places another First Aid Spray on the counter. "If it's one that you're willing to offer."

"Yes." Jisung blurts, even before the Merchant has finished speaking. He staggers back, leaning over the Merchant's table desperately. "Anything that you want. Information, favours, cold hard American cash—"

The Merchant lifts a hand to cup Jisung's chin. "None of that." He says, something much darker in his voice, something that Jisung's never heard before. He slips his thumb into the space between Jisung's lips. He wears gloves, but they're fingerless—the ice-cold pad of his thumb against Jisung's lower lip might be the gentlest touch that Jisung has felt in a long time. "Something else."

Jisung blinks, and then his face floods with heat. "I—" He starts, protesting, and then stops. This could be what determines whether he lives or dies. But still, "W-What do you want from me? Specifically, what would you make me do?" The words come out clumsy, encumbered by the digit in their path.

That gives the Merchant pause, as if he hadn't considered it before. He pushes his thumb further into Jisung's mouth as he hums, pressing his fingerprint into Jisung's tongue. "I would fuck you," he

starts, and Jisung almost chokes on the digit in his surprise. “Not terribly long, and not terribly hard, but long enough and hard enough to satisfy me. I would like to cum inside of you if you don’t mind. I would like to see you cum as well.”

It’s... it’s not the *worst* request that a fling has asked him to fulfill. “Okay,” Jisung replies, overcome with a startling sense of calm. The Merchant’s eyes begin to shine. “I won’t do it here, not so close to—” he looks at Jeongin then. The boy is, mercifully, still unconscious. “I can’t get very far either, not with my—”

The Merchant rounds the table with three long strides and scoops Jisung into his arms without even a sound. He walks three feet, just outside the sheltered space where he’s set up shop, where he maneuvers Jisung so that his back is pressed against the cold stone wall and his legs are wrapped around the Merchant’s waist. “Does this work?” He asks.

Jisung *burns*, every single inch of him. The insides of his knees that hug the small of the Merchant’s waist, his wrists looped around the Merchant’s neck, his nose that barely brushes the Merchant’s from how close they are. He can see the Merchant’s eyes like this, properly, now that they’re out of the shade and in the sun. They’re softer than he thought, gentle and sweet. Wetting his lips, Jisung croaks, “Bit hard to get me undressed like this, no?”

The eyes crinkle in the corners. Jisung didn’t think it possible for his gaze to grow sweeter. “Leave that to me.” The Merchant says, and then leans in.

Reflexively, Jisung closes his eyes and parts his lips, but the kiss doesn’t come. The Merchant leans into Jisung’s neck and inhales, long and deep. “What—” Jisung starts, and then squeaks when the Merchant *licks* a stripe over his jugular. The bandana bunches over the Merchant’s nose, hiding the rest of his face from view.

“Shhh...” he soothes, nipping there. “It’s alright, sweet thing.”

Jisung swallows, shakily, heat slowly welling in him. Distantly, he’s embarrassed, certain that his skin tastes *terrible* after the ordeals he’s endured, but Jisung settles into the comfort of the Merchant’s

lips on his neck. He works over the area methodically, sucking and biting the skin, making Jisung's sex pulse with interest. He closes his eyes and tips his head back against the wall, shuddering breaths leaving his lips.

The Merchant shifts, and then there's a hand on Jisung's chest. "Very fine material." The Merchant remarks, approving. He rolls his thumbs over Jisung's nipple—Jisung still doesn't dare open his eyes, but he's certain that it's hardened to a point, poking through the fabric. "Comfortable, keeps heat, allows for movement..."

He ducks his head and takes Jisung's other nipple into his mouth. Jisung chokes, eyes flying open as he arches into it. "Absorbent as well!" The Merchant notes, clearly pleased. "Yes, this should be kept in good condition indeed."

"Okay?" Jisung chokes out, confused, moaning when the Merchant leans down to suck at the nipple that he was just playing with. He gives it a minute of absolute focus, and then returns to the first nipple that he bit. He stays there for what feels like an eternity, slowly making two wet spots on Jisung's shirt, methodically driving Jisung to insanity.

By the time that he pulls away, Jisung's nipples are hard enough to pierce the fabric, and Jisung has soaked through his pants. "Fuck me." He demands, for what feels like the hundredth time in the past ten minutes. There isn't an ounce of trepidation in him anymore, just an aching emptiness that will *surely* kill him if it's not filled. "Put your dick in me, I need it—"

The Merchant nuzzles the groove between his pecs. "More preparation is needed—"

"You can use my front hole." Jisung insists, for the first time in his life. He's never let anyone take him from the front, only ever allowed his partners to fuck him in the ass. Currently, he feels like if he doesn't get the Merchant's cock in his cunt, he'll lose his fucking mind.

Something about this fucking town is getting to him, he thinks, furious, and says outloud, "Please, give it to me, *please*."

The Merchant's eyes go dark. "Your wish is my command." He purrs. There's a sharp sound, that of a blade being unsheathed, and Jisung startles at the sight of his own knife in the Merchant's hold. He brings the point down to the seam of Jisung's pants.

Jisung laughs, nervous and near hysterical. "Thought you said it was good quality?"

"The shirt. These pants make your ass look delightful, but they're nothing special." The Merchant scoffs, poking the tiniest hole in the fabric. "I'll stitch them up for you, free of charge, if you'd like. Now, hold still. We wouldn't want my hand to slip."

Sick with arousal, Jisung holds his breath and watches with wide eyes as the Merchant makes a hole just big enough for a finger. He tosses the knife into the ground after, uncaring of where it lands, and uses his free hand to rip the hole open the rest of the way. "You're really wet." He observes, pushing Jisung's panties to the side. He had been infuriated at first when he opened his pack to find that he was sent with women's underwear instead of men's. He's deeply grateful now. "But, just to be certain—"

He starts rubbing Jisung's clit. The first touch alone makes Jisung gasp. "Hah," Jisung heaves, laughing breathlessly again. It's exactly how he likes it, circular motions, small and firm. Unrelenting, not giving him any room to move away. His fingers are *freezing*, but that almost makes it better. "Shit, y-you're good at, *nh*, this."

"I pride myself on quality work." The Merchant says solemnly. Jisung doesn't even get the chance to ponder the absurdity of the statement—the Merchant cranes his neck down and *spits* on Jisung's cunt. "That'll do." He mutters, mostly to himself, completely ignoring the whine that rips from Jisung's throat as the globule of spit is rubbed in with his slick.

"Wet enough for you, yet?" Jisung tries to joke. He's hurtling towards the peak faster than he expected to. He doesn't want the Merchant to know, for whatever reason. Wants to keep some semblance of control in the situation.

The edge of a fingerless glove catches on Jisung's clit. It makes him

jerk, makes his lungs seize. "Not yet, but an orgasm will help." The Merchant decides, nodding in satisfaction. His pace quickens. Jisung thrashes in his grip. "Maybe two. You're a quick shot, aren't you?"

The question burns, even more so because it manages to bring Jisung careening over the edge. The orgasm is sharp and sudden, his entire body pulling stiff and then shaking apart. "*Fuck.*" He chokes, still not able to take in enough air into his lungs. "I need—wait—"

"Don't let go." The Merchant warns, letting go of Jisung's waist entirely. His entire weight is braced on the Merchant's thighs; the only thing keeping him upright are his arms locked around the Merchant's neck. "I need both hands for this."

He uses his right hand to fuck his middle and ring fingers into Jisung's cunt. He uses his left to pinch Jisung's clit. "Much better." He notes, pleased, ignoring the way that Jisung scrabbles for purchase on the hood of his with a punched out wail. "We'll do one more, that's not too much, is it?"

Jisung frantically shakes his head. "*Nonono—*" he chants, unable to consider that the Merchant might take it as *no*, *it's not*, rather than it's intended, *no*, *I can't*, *oh fuck*. It's far too much, far too fast. Jisung wants to get away, he *needs* to, but he clings to the Merchant desperately, terrified to let go and fall to the ground.

The Merchant laughs, a sharp and amused sound. "You've pulled me so close." The edge of his smile is like a razor's edge against Jisung's throat. When his teeth press into Jisung's skin, a wail escapes his lips. "Just one more. Then, I'll fuck you, okay?"

For some reason, some *fucking* reason, Jisung nods, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes. "O-Okay," he whimpers, like a child being consoled, and then he's cumming again, his pussy pulsing against the Merchant's fingers. Still on his clit and inside of him, still *not stopping*. The tears spill over his cheeks. "Oh, oh fuck, o-oh, *oh—!*"

It feels almost like a *third* orgasm, somehow, even though he hadn't yet come down from the prior peak. Another one, higher than the

last, and Jisung *sobs* as he feels himself squirt onto the ground below.

The Merchant slows his movements, and then removes his hand. "There we go." He whispers. "Now you're right where I need you."

Slowly, carefully, he's lowered to the round. The Merchant maneuvers him with precision, making sure that Jisung's right leg never takes any weight. He turns Jisung onto his side, lays him across a cold surface and hitches his right leg up so that his ankle hooks over the Merchant's shoulder. Not the most comfortable position, but one that will suffice.

Confused, Jisung opens his eyes, still sticky with tears, and then flinches. "N-No!" He hisses, looking back at the Merchant frantically. He's been laid across the short wall that encloses the patio-like space that the Merchant uses for his shop. He's looking *right at Jeongin*.

"We're practically in the same spot." The Merchant laughs, undressing, removing all the unnecessary accessories. The heavy jacket that's lined with goods, the long leather apron covered in tools, the even longer tunic that he wears like a cloak. In the end he's left in loose cotton pants and nothing else. His skin is pale, almost translucent. He shucks his pants down to around his mid-thigh, just enough for him to get his dick out.

It's... it's *big*. Jisung's eyes blow wide at the sight.

He lines it up with Jisung's hole, sliding it through the wetness. "If you're worried about waking him," the Merchant continues, matter-of-factly, bumping the head of his dick against Jisung's clit. "Don't make too much noise."

That's the moment that he chooses to press in, and Jisung is barely able to bury his face into his elbow to muffle his howl.

It's painful. Their positioning allows the Merchant to reach deep, so deep, Jisung practically pulled into a split. It's not a comfortable position—Jisung's injuries, still untreated and sluggishly bleeding, creak and groan. His bruised ribs protest, his fatigued muscles

nearly give out. *This is a wound of its own*, he thinks, almost hysterical, dizzy with the way that the Merchant carves into him with a single, slow movement that he uses to push right to the base.

He *swears* that the head of the Merchant's dick nudges against his cervix, his entire body seizing at the gentle twinge of pain.

"See, you hardly made a sound." The Merchant praises, entirely unaffected. He pats Jisung's calf, trembling on his shoulder, and then moves. Shallow thrusts, little nudging things that make Jisung's entire body sing. Each one forces a sound out of Jisung's throat, little *uh, uh, uh's* that he presses into the crook of his elbow.

Slowly, steadily, like a train exiting a station, the Merchant picks up speed. The faster he moves, the more trouble Jisung has keeping quiet. He's never felt this before, has never been split open like this—the most he's dared use on his front hole has been his own fingers, and that was years and years ago.

It feels like a lead pipe goring through him; it feels like someone has dug their nails into every laceration on his skin and torn into him. It feels like it goes all the way through him, tearing through his organs and reaching all the way up to his throat. It feels *incredible*. It's absolutely sickening.

Jisung gags, openly weeping. His sweat and snot and spit and bile smear across his arm, browning with the grime—blood and dirt and zombie viscera stripping from his skin. As if he's being cleansed. As if he's being made pure.

Atop the table, Jeongin shifts. Jisung freezes, but the Merchant doesn't care. He keeps his pace, keeps his angle, striking that same, delicate place, over and over and over. Jisung plugs his nose and holds his breath, but then he hears the sounds from his own pussy and he *burns*. Sloppy and wet, he sounds like he's absolutely sopping, fucking hell what would Jeongin *think* if he woke up right now, if he lifted his head and met Jisung's teary gaze, saw Jisung being fucked into pieces by the some absolute fucking *freak*—

The Merchant takes Jisung by the wrist. "None of that." He frowns, tugging Jisung's hand from his face. Jisung shakes with the breath,

dizzied by the rush of air that floods through him. “Don’t want you dying before you can get the thing that you’re doing all of *this* for.”

With the word ‘this’, the Merchant runs a hand down Jisung’s body; tracing along his collarbone, pinching his nipple, circling his belly button and then finally arriving at his clit. Jisung tries to push his hand away. “No, don’t–!” he warbles, voice pitching up with his fear, with pain, with pleasure, with the mind-numbing want that rakes over him like a razor’s edge.

With that, the Merchant stops. The shine in his eyes almost looks like he’s *pouting*, but maybe Jisung’s just fully fuck-dumb. “What if I want to?” He asks. His hand hovers over Jisung’s stiff clit. It twitches, enticed by just the proximity of his hand. “I haven’t given you the First Aid Spray *yet*. You’re still paying me.”

Jisung freezes, and fresh tears fall from his eyes. “Please.” He whispers. He’s rocking down on the Merchant’s dick, unable to stop his hips from moving, sickened by his own want. He retches, and around a mouthful of bile, repeats, “*Please.*”

The Merchant stares, and then sighs and pulls himself free from Jisung’s cunt. A desperate sob bubbles out and over Jisung’s lips as he bucks his hips, trying to fuck the length back in him, but then the world spins around him.

The next thing that Jisung’s aware of is the squelch of mud beneath him, clinging to his knees and his chest and his cheek—then, after that, pressure around his eyes, tight and unyielding. Jisung opens his eyes and finds darkness, but before he can protest, a fist knots in his hair and yanks his torso off the ground; fingers take his chin in a bruising grip and forces his head back; a tongue forces its way down his throat, and in the midst of it, Jisung can’t think much about anything at all.

The kiss is wrong, and bad. Teeth too sharp, tongue too long, breath hot like rotting flesh. Jisung gags and moans, his back arching as the Merchant’s length fucks back into his cunt with its dizzying girth. It’s like he’s being violated from both ends, his pussy slick and drooling like his bruised lips.

“N-No,” He mumbles, thighs burning as the Merchant lets go of his hair to hook one arm under his stomach, keeping Jisung upright. Somehow, it makes it worse, pressure on his gut that makes the jabs to Jisung’s cervix that much sharper. Jisung drools against the Merchant’s mouth, soaking the fabric of the Merchant’s bandanna with his tears. “No, *God, no-*”

The Merchant tightens his grip on Jisung’s jaw. Any tighter and it might shatter. “You’re testing my patience.” He warns, still amicable but now with an edge. “I’m doing *you* a favour, but you’ve made so many demands.”

Jisung pants, open mouthed, letting that disgustingly long tongue lave across his cheek. “S-sorry, *hah-*” he pleads, desperate and dizzy. A loud crack echoes through the air, the Merchant’s hand landing firmly on his clit. He screams, again, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m *sorry-*”

“Anything else, and the deal is off.” The Merchant finishes sternly, like a teacher admonishing an unruly class. “Understand?”

“*Sorryyyy,*” Jisung moans, stupid with it. When the Merchant strikes his clit again, he feels his cunt gush. Has he cum yet? Has he stopped cumming? He can’t tell. This is death. He’s sure of it. This is what it’s like to die. “I can’t– I want– It’s just–”

The grip on his face softens. “Poor thing.” The Merchant croons, stroking along the curve of Jisung’s cheek. He’s momentarily struck with the relief that he can’t see the Merchant’s face. “It’s a lot, I know. It’ll be over soon, okay?”

Again, Jisung nods dumbly. “O-Okay,” he snuffles, straining backwards for a kiss.

The Merchant slaps his clit again. Jisung *shatters*, completely, mind and body and soul. Through it—his thrashing and sobbing and heaving and screaming—the Merchant keeps fucking him. Rhythm steady, angle precise, bruising the mouth of Jisung’s cervix, again and again and again and *again-*

When Jisung comes to, the first thing he becomes aware of is a hand on his side, as cold as death, rubbing soothing circles along his flank. The second is a voice, saying, “there you are, now that wasn’t so bad, was it?”

The third is the pressure in his abdomen. Jisung brings a shaking hand up to touch where it’s tightest, where it feels like he’s bloated the most. He finds a swelling that wasn’t there before, the slightest bit of distention that strains the fabric of. Dazed, delirious, he presses down.

“Well, now you’ve made a mess.” The Merchant admonishes, pinching Jisung’s hip as cum gushes out of him.

Jisung moans weakly, pressing his cheek into the dirt and squeezing his eyes shut, the lips of his cunt fluttering as the Merchant’s cum spills out of him in what feels like an endless torrent. His hand rests right on a bruise, tender and painful, but he doesn’t dare relent on the pressure. There’s an impulse tickling the back of his brain, the last bit of sense that he has left, that says he needs to get the cum out *immediately*, that it’s probably a biohazard like everything else in this fucking town.

Just as he thinks it, the Merchant pushes his legs wider, pushes Jisung down by the small of his back, and seals his lips around Jisung’s cunt. Jisung jerks forwards, fresh tears leaking out of his eyes. “No,” he sobs, heaving with it, grinding his hips back on the Merchant’s face. Jisung’s still blindfolded. He wishes he wasn’t. He’s glad that he is. “S-Stop, please, it *hurts*—”

“I know.” The Merchant pats his thigh. Jisung’s still wearing all his clothes, the rip in the crotch of his pants the only part of him bared to the world. “This wasn’t part of the original deal. Don’t worry, though, I’ll make it worth your time.”

He flips Jisung over onto his back and buries his face between Jisung’s legs. His tongue, still grotesquely long, slithers into Jisung’s pussy, as cold as a body in a morgue. His nose bumps Jisung’s clit, and Jisung *feels* the deep inhale that the Merchant takes, sharp but

slow. Like a predator savouring its prey.

Jisung brings his hands up to his face and weeps into his palms until the world goes dark again.

Hours after the sun has set, Jeongin awakes, just as Jisung finishes applying the spray to himself. He jerks upright with a sudden gasp, looking around wildly. “We’re alive.” He remarks, amazed and aghast, all at once.

“We are.” Jisung confirms. Jeongin turns to stare at Jisung, his eyes as wide as saucers. Somehow, Jisung manages to muster up a smile, small as it may be. “How are you feeling?”

“How are we alive?” Jeongin retorts, incredulous. “We were done for!”

Very carefully, Jisung keeps his eyes trained on Jeongin’s face. “I told you. I know what I’m doing.” He shrugs, nonchalant, putting the First Aid Spray back on the table.

Jeongin’s eyes track the movement, and then flit to a point behind Jisung’s shoulder. “Thank you.” He says, politely, ducking his head. Jisung freezes in place. “Without your wares, we wouldn’t have survived.”

Slowly, like the rolling fog in the morning, the sound of the Merchant’s creeping laughter fills the air. “Oh, it was my *pleasure*.” He replies, nauseatingly earnest. “I’m more than happy to help, whenever you need.”

A small smile tugs the corners of Jeongin’s lips. Hesitant and trusting. Jisung exhales slowly through his nose and clenches his thighs together, hoping Jeongin doesn’t notice the stitches along the seam of his crotch.

The Merchant laughs again, and Jisung’s breath hitches in his throat.

Notes:

This. Is not fully compliant with RE4 in many ways. Firstly, Jisung/Leon already knows that Ada/Changbin is alive even before he rescues Ashley/Jeongin. Secondly, it only takes like two green herbs for Jisung to make a healing item that's just as effective as a healing spray. Thirdly, the reward for the Savage Mutt mission actually gives you enough to comfortably afford THREE first aid sprays.

In the end, I decided that the exact mechanics and plot of RE4 aren't really important in a fic that focuses on Jisung whoring himself out for life-saving medicine.

ANYWAYS. this really isn't the type of thing that I normally write. I honestly don't know where it came from, if I'm being honest. I guess. Have fun with it? Idk. I should really finish my homework.